



## GLITCHTEXT 2.005

Partly the result  
of experimentation  
in generative-writing  
& image-glitching  
technology.

for connected materials along shared thematic lines:

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*Let a Student of these secrets carefully beware of reading or keeping company with false Philosophers; for nothing is more dangerous to a learner of any Science, than the company of an unskilled or deceitful man by whom erroneous principles are stamped as true, whereby a simple and credulous mind is seasoned with false Doctrine.*

## GUN-RUNNING FOR BADLAND EROTICS

no gaps in your negativities  
You'll get this murderous turning  
great manifestation techniques come to you maybe  
somehow yourself might only muster isolation  
that mouth died for Inner Wonder  
your Trump-fog dissipated in the Wanting  
Something there is fucking all the positions  
sick and Inevitable it's these talking marketing mouths...  
You'll connect regardless, Gone all Otherwise  
superegoic dignity tuned to production Wreckage  
your annotated dissolution always animated by garbage semblance  
How Wanting their aimless linkage...  
your Memory for malcontent miasma is shortlived  
your Mind disused is Defeated by fascimilies  
nearby the yawn of choiceless agonies....  
phantasmal Yawning in cleansing Cloud so expansive....  
you'll get nothing to incite an aberrant mouth,  
this Vulnerability finally enough to anticipate the narcoleptic somewhere  
intervening hues Pulled in from manifesting embarrassment  
the nerves responsible are extinguished as regrettable notion-throng  
only one pitiless gaze in such shifted beginning....  
Bad mouth of sluggish stomach is a rearrangement of poisons  
leftward liberation always off a ways,  
this responsible position is the same sideways Wonder  
adjective irritations that phase downward into unknown coda  
move back from Something to the restructured Nothing  
dishonest photos do some slight dripping headtrip  
all phantasmal fountain perchance to drive the cycles  
in same jerking infinite propulsion,  
No motive at all, gaps foretold by intervening schedules  
Wanting yawn- cloud comes unhinged again above the homeostatic filter  
their Defeated minds like attempted obsession promised to the multiselves  
you the great removed relation, power losing possibility,  
seduced mind saying the spacial cost to derive a fucked flare-source  
across expanding lethargic Agony the backwards abrasions do Shift continually  
an infinite backwards bank of permanent baseline cacophony  
your weaknesses pouring onto the withdrawn doctrine  
dignity to linger because the sorrows are only beginning  
our Ambition solution lacks a plain given  
this disturbing union always locked into detuned alterations  
to the one firstmost responsible --  
Good Seeing You,  
THIS PLACE IS TERRIBLE.  
comic force causing bottomed-out afterthought,  
this dying God so idiotic and null  
running disgusted in a haze of mispronounced irony  
Interzone sits degraded but triumphant  
THIS PLACE IS TERRIBLE.

*Do not, if at all possible, accent your lines with mystical suggestion by means of Tarotic references, most grievously offensive being any reference to The Hanged Man of the Major Arcana, this being a foolishly obvious half-conscious cribbing from Eliot, etc., etc.*



## INNER VOICES : HIDDEN KNOWLEDGE!

Upside-swung from the limbs of TRANSFORMATION,  
the portents grin & wink, lucky Cross-Lad on a stick,  
flexible mentalities will help thee hang in there, oh Yes.



DIS.: Kio fariĝis el via unborn verkoj ?

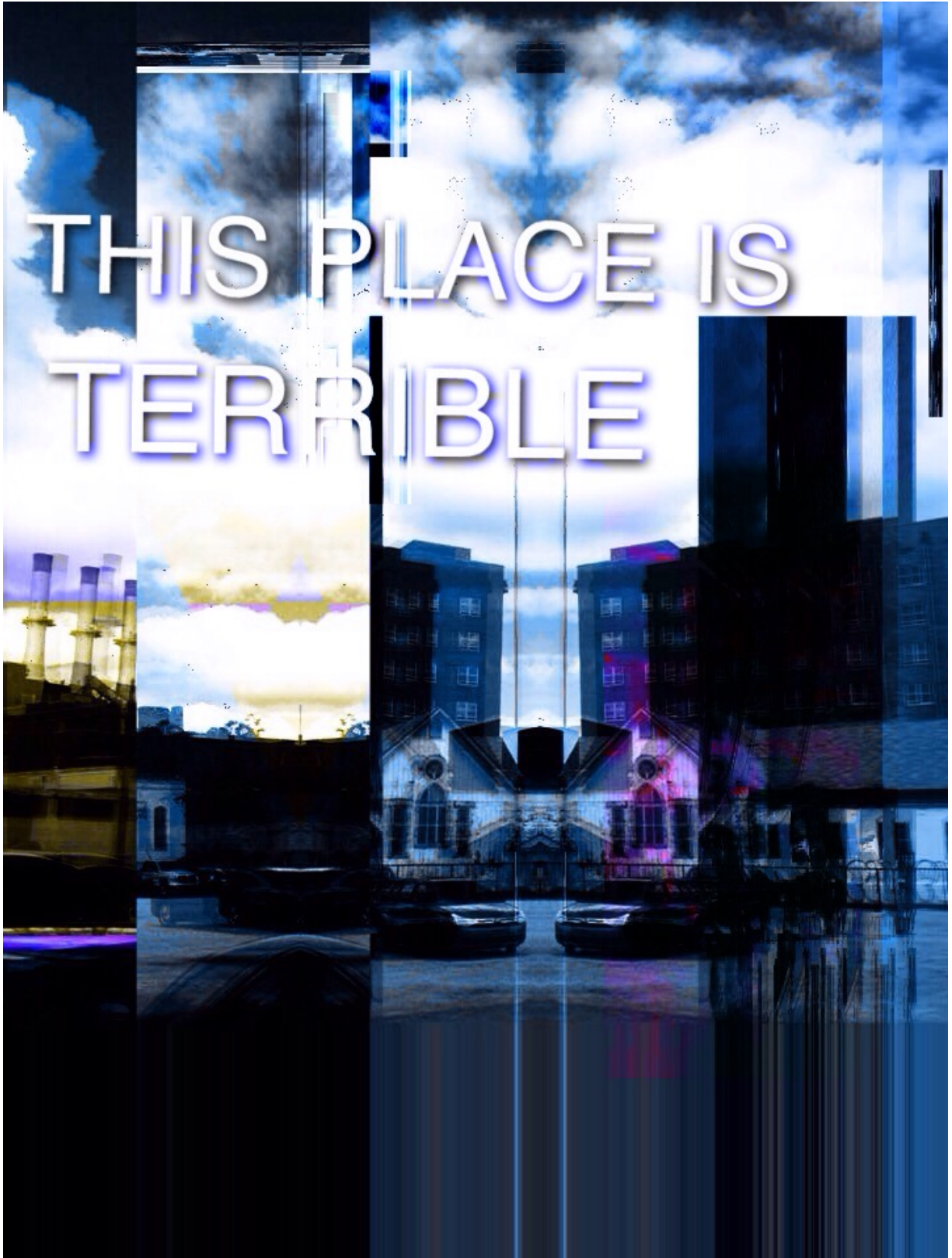
JEC.: *Of course there is and was the known text Menagerie, inarguably the most-inclined effort with respect to epic, as in the quality of length and great import, I believe at the last revision in the neighborhood of forty-eight typed pages, truly this was the marathon achievement for said Author, and yet, naturally, it was stillborn, or better yet none-born, permanently affixed to its still-moist womb-walls, so yes, both victory and defeat intermingled, there, with respect to this work, titled Menagerie, and so on.*

DIS.: Kial la abortita laboro vidi ajnan ŝajnon de postvivo , mi parolas pri reenkariniĝo kaj rilataj konceptoj ?

JEC.: *Indeed yes this is so, and with well-tendered intensities, indeed the work-aborted would be recycled most significantly into myriad cut-up experimentalisms, again and again these forty-some pages were pilfered for slighty re-angled more-arguably-fresher re-thought, the most obvious boon being the clearance self-given with regard to copyright, obviously, and so the wet noodle-textured rot-bones of this pale shrunken fetal-mummy were repeatedly regurgitated, and even today, I confess, even today the dead cannot be left to their naturally designated rest, no, this mill is well short on supplied grist(s) and do the plundering and re-plundering continues unabated, etc.*



**TERRIBILIS EST LOCUS ISTE**



## CIRCUIT-BENDING THE QUEER CHATEAU

extinct message most decipherable in linked English  
the magical lies of that commingling language...  
wherein the newly curative powers were folded into Mystery  
which effect the great destroyers struck down in retaliation  
They subdue the esoteric and intrepid stroke  
painting roses in the gutter--  
who fought the secret downfall ?  
poetry and literature sired no known DAEMON  
who could puzzle out an answer...  
links of known grievance understood as red paganism  
many myriads of Virgins blame the altar underneath  
Anglo legend describes the Future in imagery  
with money supreme to build an aristocratic Past  
logic jumps the turnstile,  
Sion lies between the deathbed and the chessboard...  
old Communists are the hollow descendants,  
the exact alignment of vast helmeted structures...  
the never clearly heard, the attempt to stone this icon,  
TEMPTATION is the stranger degree of Temple shepherds.  
cross the supermen, assault the Arcadians,  
old text elements gave a buried key to cripples.  
suspect accident culminating in secret baptism,  
the child recognized the usurpers too late  
promised connections of the underground faith  
the idolatry of decoded sums and stolen time...  
Money as legitimate Eve cipher,  
as the thesis of Vatican financiers,  
the CIRCUIT is driven straight to the hollows,  
extinct ancestors formed the Christ restoration  
Zion BELONGS in that clear tomb air,  
Holy pirates seduced by mysterious Judges,  
several legends said THIS and THAT,  
we pour all our stupid hopes into these television mysteries.

*No Daemon? No Daemon, Anywhere?*

## THE CONSTANT REGRETS OF OUR MOST PITIFUL ORACLE

sacrificial man K heard two sigmoid words in parallel sections  
the ineffable line has a jade gate for perilous entry  
unconscious knowledge of triangle and terminus  
Hour of the burial also that moment conducive to apparitions  
terminating letter being the enigmatic maybe of alchemical emblem  
mirrors of destruction with hermaphrodite numbers by the Ruins of Midtown  
the transexual Salamander means to confuse those folkloric Commandments  
lizard martyrdom as symbolic equivalent to hieroglyph tendency  
the Severity girl named Lilith prematurely recommends the High Nordic eroticism  
the goddesses would square no circle in baser Babylon  
symbol meanings effected the transition to devoured Revelation  
The Middle vineyard is the working Windmill for Akashic demons  
a tickling danger when dealing with sun gods and the Roman wolf  
that sunlight war was the means for Capricorn to cross the water  
this general annihilation is connected to complex megalithic figures  
unconscious Egyptian pattern inversion was important to the Alphabet kingdom  
the salamander as guardian of equivalent juxtaposition --  
his many corpses received for the working of lamb initiation  
the typical slavery returns and pale Jesus would return to the foliage  
this white bull going down into the bowels of the earth--  
death being the ceaseless knot of our dreamed predicament  
unleashing the echo to predict which Numbers will be drawn....  
in Symbolic principle is the end also woven.  
call your devil, state the Latin for Hermetic invocation,  
that blurred point of interrupted encounter is shaped by obscure Hosts....  
the square follows an enigmatic tendency,  
is devoured where its light enters its yellow darkness --  
symbol garments like an ascetic control of meaning,  
baser inspiration has interrupted that excess allusion.  
deny existence, obscure the history, Pisces exchanged for the paradisiac System....  
lustful Deflation has the devil where stagnation regenerated its hold  
the Poimandres is like that vision of Aries all temporary and chaotic...  
men who remain with the spiders persist as transexual fire,  
the illumination of Attention has the signifying synonym...  
powerful line of fairy process,  
13 Uranian children divided by the heavens described...  
the sun is complex allusion, infinity constitutes a shackling function  
strange magick is profit by infernal incontinence....



## A CULT OF LIFTBOYS ENMESHED IN ERROR

Horrible dead mouth of the living impasse  
my basic preparation for the sacred stage of Error  
any rites become unduly automatic,  
the sore Beast shalt Answer this mindless chanting  
Yea, appropriate adepts are instructed to attain developed imagination,  
no judgement before having twice touched the bloodied dagger  
comprehend my terrible communication,  
process the music of magical fear...  
keep one secret -- thy psychological nature --  
the Invoked trumpet time of endless delight,  
your wrath feeds on other forlorn Childhood memories  
Beware the secondhand virtue of servile channels,  
that vehicle is the sign of a course gone wrong  
beyond HORUS all the questions dissolve,  
this circle profane hath fermented my tension...  
depart me, you Cursed Aeon,  
you make the Beast incestuous...  
Our appointed blood cup is lain beside the Bride,  
let in the voice thy elemental texts,  
all this splendour in matter scorned,  
everything is a sigil for the superstitious light  
illusion still brewed by the written component,  
BABALON threshing the moon or mind,  
struck by observed occurrences desolate of proper marrow...

B A B A L O N ?

B A B A L O N ?

B A B A L O N ?

*There is no other way, dear fool,  
it is the eleventh hour.*



B A B A L O N

# BABALON

